

Pl. 73 Corp

JANUARY 1940



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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The Massachusetts Society
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The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 1

If every American reader of this magazine were to write to his Congressman before the next session in January, asking whether he would do everything in his power to prevent the United States' being drawn into this war, and calling for a reply "Yes" or "No," it would count for much in the future policy of this country.

The Animal Defence Society, London, has compiled a register of homes in the country where pets of poor people may be sent, free of charge, during the war. At the outbreak of the war, *The Animal Pictorial* says that many thousands of domestic animals were destroyed at the order of their owners who had no means of providing for their proper protection or care.

Dogs are being used by the French Army. The dogs seek the wounded in thick forests and high grass and then go back and lead stretcher-bearers to the places.

This is told us in an English humane publication. Some of the best messenger dogs, it is said, are Airedale, Irish and Welsh terriers, and collies, but greyhounds and hounds are practically useless.

The open season on deer has come and gone, and hundreds of these beautiful creatures have been killed or wounded and left to suffer and die. We have seen the body of more than one deer lashed to the automobile of some gunner, thinking by thus displaying his kill he would be envied by the general public; instead, he has been condemned by the general public.

It is devoutly to be hoped that among the presents for children that hang upon the Christmas tree or are placed about it, parents will more and more forbear making gifts which awaken the thought of war in the heart of youth, such as toy guns, toy pistols, toy soldiers, toy cannons. May the day come when our children will no longer even want such playthings. The training for such a day must begin close to the cradle.

What Is Fundamental in Education?

THERE is no doubt that many an educator looks upon what is called "Humane Education" as a more or less trivial affair. Throughout our schools and colleges at the present day there runs primarily the idea that the training of the intellect is the chief thing to be sought. It needs but a slight knowledge of history to be aware of the fact that the advantages that come to one as a result of education in the higher branches of learning are no guarantee of moral character or of good citizenship. Some of the greatest crimes of history have been committed by men of keen intellectual power and wide knowledge.

It may be doubted if any thoughtful man will deny the assertion that the springs of action and the forces that determine conduct are to be found in what may justly be called "man's emotional nature." All the things that make for character have their seat there. Justice, compassion, friendship, goodwill, the spirit that binds man to man, that works for peace, and stands over against what seems to be nature's law of the survival of the fittest, come to us out of that realm that humanity has ever spoken of as "the heart." Wherever, therefore, the chief aim of the educator has been to train the intellect, neglecting this other side of man's being, he has missed the supreme goal that should have been the aim of his calling.

Humane Education, while recognizing the value of scientific, literary, and philosophical training, seeks to go deep enough into the life of the younger generations to reach the home of those emotions and impulses which are the determining factors in the development of human character.

Unless back of all that our schools and colleges are so largely seeking there is an awakened sense of justice and kindness, those who issue from these institutions may use what they have acquired only for the destruction of the highest social and industrial welfare of their state and nation.

Teacher after teacher has borne witness to the truth that the child trained to deal with the animal world about him according to the teaching of the Golden Rule inevitably grows into manhood constantly moved to apply this same law in determining his relations to his human fellows.

The Horse that Didn't Die in Vain

BONNIE FARCEUR" was a beautiful young Belgian mare, born in Indiana. She was subjected to the cruel operation of docking—cutting her tail off within a few inches of her body. As a result of this operation she died. Learning of the story, Mrs. Ernest Martin was so aroused by the cruelties inflicted upon this fine animal and other cruelties common in that section of her State, that she was led to found what is now known as The Indiana Humane Education Society, Inc. Mrs. Martin is both founder and president of that most worthy organization. Through her personal efforts she has gathered about her a group of people determined to do everything in their power to put an end to some, at least, of the worst forms of cruelty that prevail in that Commonwealth. The aim of the organization is "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature." Mrs. Martin says this Society was founded and dedicated in loving and perpetual memory of Bonnie Farceur.

In carrying out these aims of the organization, this new Society is endeavoring, up to the limit of its power, to promote and encourage legislation for the good and welfare of all living creatures, and by all legal means to try to educate the public to observe every legislative enactment now in force or hereafter to become in force.

J. Edgar Hoover's book, "Persons in Hiding," should be read in every home. The story of crime in the United States he tells is appalling. The greater part of it begins in the home. Youth cannot learn too soon that crime does not pay.

The New Year

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

*"The New Year! The New Year!"
How beautiful they sound—
Those words of buoyant hope and cheer!
And yet—with clouded eyes men peer
Beyond the Old Year's bound.*

*So strong the powers of darkness stand,
So rough the way appears,
For those who strive with deed and pen
To bring the blest "Good Will to men"
That echoes down the years!*

*Yet there is strength in dauntless hope,
And courage in a song,
And only coward hearts will say:
"Why think to see a happier day?
Why hope to vanquish wrong?"*

*"In all my holy mountain"—thus
The ancient words record—
"They shall not hurt, shall not destroy;
Earth shall be filled with that pure joy,
The knowledge of the Lord!"*

*Amen! Amen! We labor on!
All hearts compassionate
That love God's children, human, dumb,
Hold pledge of glorious days to come!
High hearts can work—and wait!*

Arrows Versus Bullets

JOSEPH CROUGHWELL

IN recent years the hunting and killing of our wild animal life by means of bows and arrows has increased at an alarming rate. At the present time there are more than half a million registered archers in the United States. While not all of these archers are using their skill in the slaughter of helpless animals, a good percentage of them have come to prefer hunting animals instead of just shooting at targets.

There are now several states that allow these archers to enter the forests to hunt a few weeks before rifle carrying hunters are permitted. However, the archers are not permitted to carry rifles while hunting with their bows and arrows. This would lead us to believe that if an archer fired an arrow into a deer and did not strike a vital spot either the deer would be left to suffer till death ended its misery, or perhaps the archer would be merciful enough to fire another arrow into the deer's already suffering body. Only an expert archer can fire an arrow with any degree of real accuracy and even he is apt to miss the vital spot he has aimed at.

Just how soon will our young boys and girls follow in the footsteps of the archers? What will be the result when these children begin to make their homemade bows and arrows? How much suffering will result from their amateur methods of archery as they, too, go forth to hunt for animal life? Immediate laws are necessary to prevent this new and inhuman form of hunting. If we must allow our hunters to invade our forests each year and kill our animal life, then let it be done by bullets that are more humane than arrows which inflict unnecessary pain on dumb animals.

Lioness at Leisure

EPSY COLLING



THIS is a portrait of a lioness at leisure. She lives in Kruger National Park in the Transvaal and is now protected from the guns of hunters so long as she remains within the safe confines of the Park. She and her cubs are very important denizens here in the world's greatest game preserve, because they sustain the balance of nature, a very necessary thing if all wild animals are to live in a natural state. Lions never murder for sport and are satisfied with one or two kills a week for food. The grazing animals they eat are generally the old, the weak, or the diseased which may well be eliminated if the gazelles, antelopes, and zebras are to be strong and healthy enough to survive.

Before the brown plains, green jungles, blue mountains, and golden-green brush land south of the Limpopo river were set aside as a perpetual sanctuary for all the wild animals of Africa, the tommies, gnus, koodoos, and frisky, coltish zebras were all in danger of extinction at the hands of the indefatigable and foolish human hunter. The lions were starving and beginning to menace the safety of both natives and white settlers.

Today the lions are beautiful, tawny, and well fed and at the same time the grazing animals are rapidly increasing in numbers. Kruger Park, where people may watch and photograph the most beautiful creatures in the world in their natural surroundings, is coming to be a most popular tourist resort with excellent highways and many camps

and rest houses where visitors may enjoy a vacation.

The lions, according to Colonel James Stevenson-Hamilton, chief warden, are now convinced that automobiles, while they smell something terrible, are harmless, so photographers often get excellent snapshots of the king and queen of beasts and their playful children. The smell of gasoline keeps the lions from noticing any human odor so long as the tourist stays in his car; thus visitors are warned about getting out in the open, which would be a foolish procedure anyhow, as nobody is allowed to carry a gun into the Park.

It is not unusual for several cars to be parked in a semi-circle while their occupants watch young lions play. Lions always keep company for two or three years as the lioness does not have cubs much oftener than once in thirty months. Young lions are clumsy and awkward, as well as too full of play and nonsense, to hunt; so the parents have to provide for them until they have settled down and learned to stalk their own food.

An Idle Fancy

NIXON WATERMAN

*It may be but a whim, at best,
But it occurs to me
The mourning dove should build her nest
In a weeping-willow tree.*

Animals and War

HILLIARD FOLEY

A WRITER who frequently visited the trenches in the last World War speaks emotionally of the battalions of trained dogs used in that shambles. In the hearts of all dog lovers such emotion always finds a responsive chord. One wonders, however, how many of us give sufficiently deep thought to the effects of war on other animals besides dogs, and whether there is anything we can do about it.

Whence, for instance, that grisly name, "Dead Horse Corner?" How many noble beasts were sacrificed there? Were they killed instantly and without pain, or did they die with great suffering? The truth, if written, would make very repellent reading. And who recalls the blind swans at White Swan Chateau? And the tame Gold Fish at Court Drieves? And the geese testing for gas in No Man's Land? What of that carrier pigeon—"Poor wounded dove with pinion broken?" In the present war, who can read calmly of the pigs exploding the land mines between the opposing lines?

Here is an eye-witness account by J. R. Pecheral, writing in the *Toronto Star Weekly*, of the elephants' part in Ethiopia. "The planes came back. I was sneaking off to an over-hanging rock when Kerville" (the Galla Chief) "caught me by the arm. 'Come quickly with me,' he shouted, and led me up to the top of the mountain. One word explained his strategy. Gas. As soon as the Italian planes let loose their gas and had flown away, an immense tumult rose in the depths of the valley.

'It was the elephants. They were underneath us by the dozen, and the hyperite gas drove them mad. Shrieking with rage and pain, falling down and rising again with a mighty effort, they rushed on like a hurricane.'

God's creatures! Their fate seems as pitiful as our helplessness to prevent it. Yet we can do something. We can make their suffering a vicarious benefit through our mercy and love to others of their kind, whether in Ethiopia or in Massachusetts. Indeed this vicarious benefit has already revealed itself in the building of special dog hospitals by ex-soldiers who had witnessed the dog's part in the war.

We conclude with a pretty incident of the front line in which the dog-lover in both friend and enemy rises above the soldier. It concerns a little white terrier that had been running about in No Man's Land. For several days we had been trying to capture the little fellow, believing that he was carrying messages for the enemy. The Germans, too, were after him it seemed; they suspecting him of doing spy work for us. Yet no rifle was leveled upon him from either trench, nor was any attempt made to poison him. Later, it transpired that he was merely a civilian dog that had got lost out there somehow and was too fearful of the queer beings that hemmed him in to come close to either one or the other. How he lived out there was a mystery, for there was no water in that sector and no food.

At length, one dark night, between the intermittent spurts of machine-gun firing there came to our ears a series of distressed yelping and whining from a

point somewhere a hundred yards or so off to our right. We solved the situation at once. The terrier had, through weakness, perhaps, slipped into one of the well-like craters out there and was unable to climb out. We formed a party and went out to investigate.—Yes, he was there. A pleading blob of white at the bottom of a deep shell hole. Soon the rescue was effected and the little panting body was enfolded in the arms of a Canadian dog-lover. Then the sudden light of a descending flare revealed something else: a party of steel helmeted German soldiers standing immovable only a dozen yards away. They, too, had come out to rescue the terrier. No shots were exchanged, but when the light went out and we started back towards our trench, a deep, concerned voice called to us:

"Tommy!"

"Yes?"

"You would not hurt him?"

"No."

"Goot!"

It was the touch of Nature that makes enemies kin.



"ESPRIT DES BOIS." ROCKY MOUNTAIN MULE DEER FAWN

Photograph by H. H. Sheldon awarded first prize at exhibition of New York State Nature Association, 1939

Bees in Winter

LOIS BOYD

BUMBLEBEES, yellow jackets, hornets and wasps die at the first frosts, leaving only the young mated queens who emerge in the spring to lay their eggs and hatch new broods.

Among honey bees it is only the drones who die in the fall. Bees will die from the effects of cold before the temperature reaches freezing; in fact, they seldom fly when the thermometer is below 45 degrees. Activities within the hive cease early in the fall; the queen lays no more eggs, the rearing of the brood is ended.

Food for the winter has been stored during the spring and summer. Adult bees live on honey which is made from the nectar gathered from the flowers. Because the nectar contains a great deal of water when it is collected which would cause fermentation, if it were stored in this condition, this excess moisture is removed by a well organized system of fanning. Nectar is often reduced one-fourth in volume before the bees add the enzymes which change the raw nectar into simple sugar. An average bee colony will consume from 30 to 50 pounds of honey during their dormant season. When you realize that a bee travels 43,770 miles to gather enough nectar to make one

pound of honey, you will see the "little busy bee" has not been misnamed.

During the summer the bees use the whole hive for their various activities, but in the winter they gather in a spherical, compact cluster with the queen in the center. Those on the outside are crowded so closely together as to make an insulating shell and thus prevent the loss of heat. Those on the inside of the ball are not so crowded and maintain enough muscular activity to keep the entire group comfortably warm. The bees on the outside of the cluster are constantly changing places with those inside. At no time do the bees allow the temperature on the outside of the cluster to fall below 57 degrees.

Because of the warmth of their hives and the presence of food, mice often enter the hives and make themselves at home, eating the wax and honey and making their nests on the floor. The bees pay no attention to them until warm weather comes and then they promptly sting them to death. The bees are not strong enough to carry away their dead enemies so they cover them with a sticky secretion which hardens like cement, thus forming an airtight coffin.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

To an English Sparrow

JANE KECK

Oh, tuneless, plain, and least beloved of birds,

*Swinging so lightly on the leafless bough;
Thy feathers fluffed against the icy blast,
A symbol, eloquent, of courage, thou!*

*I smile to hear on snowy Winter morn,
From hedge and icy twig, thy cheerful twitter,
And later, over grudgingly shared crumbs,
To watch thee with thy brown companions bicker.*

*With hops and bobs, and flirts of tail and head,
Thou pluckst the withered berries from the vine;
Present necessity thy only care.
I would thy faith and fortitude were mine!*

*Chirp on, oh feathered mite, thy bright
Unvarying cheerfulness a lesson to us all.
Not without purpose is thy destiny.
For there is One who marks the sparrow's fall!*

Our European Starling

DORIS GALE

THE common English sparrow was the first European bird to be introduced in our country. The rapidly multiplying starling is the second on the list of adaptable importations.

About fifty years ago, a group of starlings were released in Central Park, New York City. From this beginning, the species has since spread over all the Eastern States, and Southern Canada; and it is expected that the starling will one day be found living in almost every part of North America.

Starlings are strong, bold birds, and they fly with great speed. Like the purple martin species, they can fly for great distances with wings fixed straight. They walk rapidly, too, in a curious zigzag manner, when searching for food.

More than half their food is made up of insects, spiders, cutworms, weevils, grasshoppers, and other animal matter. They are also fond of many kinds of fruits and vegetables. In fact, the starling's appetite is so easily tickled, that he even relishes poison ivy!

This bird's personal song is not melodious or distinctive, but he can imitate many others to perfection. The wood pewee, the bluebird, the bobwhite, the grackle, flicker, blue jay, English sparrow, and red-winged blackbird are among those whose various tones the starling has been heard mimicking with great fidelity.

Starlings like to live in well populated areas and can be found nesting in almost any type of building or tree holes and shelters, and in plain open boxes. Inside, the starling likes dry grass and green leaves, as well as straw, string, chicken feathers, and cloth. He is, indeed, a very adaptable creature.

Elm and maple trees form one of the starling's favorite nesting-sites, but some-

times large groups of these birds gather to live together in an amazing manner. Tens of thousands of them will come together nightly, regularly, in a given area, crowding the ledges and crevices of buildings for blocks in a row. On one particular building, a church tower, approximately three thousand starlings were sheltered at one time, as many as a hundred being huddled together in cavities two feet wide, three feet deep, and but a few inches high.

Nest boxes should be furnished by all bird lovers wherever possible, for it is the sad truth that all hole-nesting species are pressed with an ever-growing scarcity of nesting-sites.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The late Edward Howe Forbush, ornithologist, in "Birds of Massachusetts" says of the starling: "If it becomes unduly abundant and seriously harmful, we may hope that in time, like the formerly pestilential 'English sparrow,' it will be reduced by the forces of nature, or by some fortunate combination of circumstances to a condition of comparatively 'innocuous desuetude'."

A Linnet Hitchhiker

DOROTHY L. PILLSBURY

WE were out in a little thirty-foot motor boat, lost in the worst fog we had ever seen in the Catalina Channel. According to our compass and time reckoning we were about mid-channel, ten miles from the California mainland. The ocean was empty, just a big gray bowl, spilling over with a soupy vapor. We chugged along cautiously hoping to hit Avalon Harbor, twelve miles distant by compass steering. The Captain kept his eyes on the course. I lolled in the cockpit, straining my ears for the engine drone of any passing boat and a possible collision. It was tough going.

Suddenly up over the mast, a tiny figure materialized. It circled, dropping lower and lower toward the deck. Its wing beats were weary and feeble. It was a linnet, no longer than my finger, lost and exhausted in the vast Pacific. The tired wings stopped beating endless space. The bird dropped to the deck.

"It will rest a little and then fly on," I thought. It did rest and then eyeing me hopped down into the cockpit. The engine room door stood open. It was nice and warm down there. Into the engine room hopped the linnet as if he owned the boat. There was a warm rod extending from the engine. Straight to this rod he flew, curling his freezing toes about it cosily. A film came over his eyes. He slept. There never



STARLING CARRYING MAY BEETLES TO YOUNG

was a more bedraggled bird.

In about half an hour he opened rascally bright, rested eyes and made a thorough toilet, giving especial attention to his red neckerchief. Then, jaunty and self-assured, hopped over to the galley where he dined with evident gusto on a discarded sandwich. Some water had been spilled on the floor. He washed down his dinner with drinks from this puddle, making a great to-do about it, flapping his wings and tilting back his head with the comical air of a world weary connoisseur.

With great importance he hopped back into the cockpit. "Now he will surely fly away," I thought, crossing my ankles and stretching out my legs for the remainder of a tiresome voyage. But he was not ready to leave. Who knows how long he had been flying, lost in that endless fog over an ocean that went on and on to China?

Keeping his eyes fixed on me he hopped to my crossed ankles, jumped on and settled down for a comfortable journey. I could have vowed one toe made a familiar thumb wagging gesture. It was not until the hills of Avalon reared dimly through the fog, that he showed the slightest inclination to leave. Then he was off with a swoop toward a green bay tree on the Marine Drive. He really should go down in history as the only seagoing, hitchhiking linnet on record.

The starling, says the Biological Survey, is only one of 17 bird species in whose stomachs Japanese beetles have been found. The other birds are the ring-necked pheasant, bobwhite, kingbird, crested flycatcher, crow, catbird, brown thrasher, robin, wood thrush, English sparrow, meadowlark, red-winged blackbird, purple grackle, cardinal, vesper sparrow and song sparrow.

A Tribute to Birds

GARDNER L. GREEN

Upon feeding the birds on Boston Common

*Little neighbors from the sky,
Cheering every passer-by,
God forbid that I should harm
Or frighten you with base alarm,*

*Lest your beauty cease to give
My nobler self the breath to live,
Or the tonic of your song
Fail to keep my spirit strong.*

*Creatures of My Father's care;
His own singers on the air;
How rich is life because He sends
Sweet birds like you to be my friends.*

A Bird Lover's Paradise

JOHN H. JOLLIEF

ONE of the most ideal places for a study of birds in their natural habitat is the Indiana Dunes State Park, built by the elements through the centuries, and stretching for three miles along the southern tip of Lake Michigan. Here, in a tract of more than 2,200 acres, with numerous sand dunes rising to a height of 200 feet above the lake level, sandy beaches, many acres of dense forest, an extensive marsh, small meadows, open fields, an annual rainfall of 33 inches, ample sunshine and freezing winter weather, and a sheltered belt providing protection from the gales of Lake Michigan, nature and the elements have given ornithologists, botanists, zoologists, geographers, and nature lovers of all types an incomparable setting for study of wild life.

This most fascinating area, pronounced by scientists one of the most remarkable sand dune regions in the world, has attracted thousands of students and bird lovers annually for many years. The dunes act as a buffer for winter valleys that lie quiet and peaceful with no wind or chilling cold. The birds found these sheltered places many years ago and thrive there. In February and March the chilly lake winds drive over the tops of the dunes but in the depressions the sun's warmth is held as in a pocket. The temperature does not change greatly after sundown. Here one may find myriads of winter birds, protected there in the heart of nature.

In such an environment one would expect to find an increasing number of people interested in the feeding of birds when natural food supplies were exhausted or buried under snow and ice. A typical example is that of Miss Edith M. Briddell of Chicago, who established a bird feeding station following a study of the birds there and visited it regularly during the winter taking suet, seed, and other food for the birds. She began in November and soon had the black-capped chickadee, the tufted titmouse, the white-breasted nuthatch, the downy woodpecker, and the junco eating from her feeding station which was made by her own hands from coarse wire netting for the suet and an old drainage trough found in the vicinity. Here she served rolled oats, peanut butter, bread crumbs, mixed seeds, and suet. She found the chickadee the most friendly, many eating

from her hand. In the spring many of the migratory birds came to her feeding station to partake of her hospitality. The first from the south were the brown creeper and the golden crowned kinglet. Then followed towhees, phoebes, robins, water thrushes and hermit thrushes all eager to be her guests.

Fall and winter migrations are very interesting here as a majority of the species of bird found in the United States inhabit or pass through this area. One may explore undisturbed the haunts of thousands of birds and observe their daily habits and activities in proper setting.

A typical example of the many bird and nature students who know and enjoy the area is Roy E. Hawkinson. He found early one May morning, while tramping through woods, swamp, field, and meadows in a four-hour period, no less than ninety different species of bird.

Like all state parks there is guide service free. Nature guides report age is no bar. Elderly gray-haired men and women follow the guides with deep interest, boys and girls are eager participants, all peeping at birds' nests, learning to identify the birds by their calls, learning when certain birds first appear, when they nest, when they stop their singing, and asking scores of questions which are provoked by their curiosity and interest in the region and its wild life. They have found that early morning is the best time to study the birds, consequently the bird hikes take place at that time.

All the jays (members of the crow family), and the yellow-billed cuckoo, often called "rain crow," need large worms for a meal and if the insects are small they will eat three hundred. Many of these are mosquitoes that carry fever in their bite.



THE PROVINCETOWN GULLS ARE ALWAYS PICTURESQUE

When they don't know where their next meal is coming from, the gulls at Provincetown, Cape Cod, rob fishing boats, drop clams from aloft to crack them open, beg handouts at kitchen doors. Here, a fisherman discovers that a bucket of fish he had left alone for a few minutes has been over-

The Laughing Loon

L. E. EUBANKS

THE word lunny comes from *la lune*, the moon; and there is no etymological justification for the expression, "crazy as a loon." I know but little about the moon, but I'm sure that the loon is far from crazy.

On land, the loon is very awkward, and doubtless this clumsiness has been taken by some observers as an indication of dumbness—"craziness." Really, that means nothing; in the air or the water the loon is graceful and speedy. It's a champion at underwater swimming, using both wings and feet, and enjoys the very coldest water. No bird gets keener pleasure from catching fish.

The loon's call is most interesting. Though I never considered it "crazy," it certainly is weird, "unearthly," as Celia Thaxter termed it in one of her poems. It carries a long distance, and the loon is expert in using it to deceive any person who would approach too near.

Even in a motorboat it is hard to get near a loon; his red eye is upon you before you see him—and he's ready for a little sport. You head your boat in the direction of the yodeling cry; but before you get there the bird has dived; then the cry comes again, as far away as before—and this time it's a laugh. The "crazy" loon is enjoying your discomfiture.

This may be repeated several times. Maybe the loon fears that you'll give up, so occasionally he makes the call mournful instead of mirthful. But he's gone just as before when you arrive. Then he laughs again. Possibly he thinks you "loony;" he's having a lot of fun at your expense. And if he does think that, he's as near right as you are, if you think him "crazy"!

turned and half the contents gulped down by the keen-eyed birds. The gulls seem loath to leave as the owner raises his arms to shoo them off. Note that one of the thieving birds is perched on top of the tipped-over pail.

JACK JOHNSON

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1940

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-two lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The English Animal Societies

THE humane societies of England are facing a very serious problem about which we know nothing in this country. Multitudes of people, facing the possible horrors and destructions of war, have felt unable to keep their family pets, particularly dogs and cats, and a large number of these have been destroyed. Even many breeders of dogs have reduced the number in their kennels by giving them away, if they could find proper homes for them, to save expense. Humane societies have finally become unable to respond to calls to take animals away and put them humanely to sleep. They are doing everything in their power, however, to provide a painless death for those that are brought either to their clinics or to their inspectors.

Heretofore we have thought of war as bringing suffering and death chiefly to horses and mules, but this present warfare has struck close into many a home where some favorite animal has had to be given up.

A Prayer

THOU God of tender love for all that Thou hast created, and hast made them sensitive to fear and pain as humankind, wilt Thou so control all circumstances so that radio, film, story, platform and pulpit may play a greater part in softening the hearts of those responsible for any needless cruelty to Thy birds and animals: and enlighten the Governments of the responsibility they should assume in bringing about a juster and more humane treatment, and be pleased to bless all persons and societies who, in any way, seek to bring about a happier living for all Thy helpless creatures. Grant them wisdom with endurance and financial aid required to prosper their undertakings.

And we pray that Thou, who art interested even in the sparrow, wilt bring it to pass that all mothers, teachers, and such as oversee children instill into their small minds a love for and knowledge of the right, fair treatment not only of their pets but of all animals. Amen.

The Jew as Patriot and Soldier

THAT the Hebrew race, through the greater part of its long history, has been seeking peace and not war will not be disputed. During the great World War there were 250,000 Jews in the armed forces of the nation—that is, nearly five per cent of the total number of men under arms in the United States; whereas the Jews constituted then only three per cent of the population. Major General Clarence R. Edwards said, "I want to tell you that the Jews made an enviable record. I remember instances where formerly intolerant Gentiles asked that the Jews be made officers in order that they might be leaders. Forty per cent of the eulogized 'Lost Battalion' consisted of Jews. Of the 42,000,000 of the Allied forces in the World War, 1,055,600 were Jews.

In the Civil War in this country, some 10,000 Jews fought on both sides of the conflict. Among these were nine generals, eighteen colonels, forty majors and two hundred captains.

In the German army during the Great War every sixth Jew was enlisted, 12,000 gave their lives, 37,000 received decorations.

Slaughter-House Reform

Among the very active humane workers in Chicago is Mrs. E. C. Dow, president of the Chicago Humane Education Society, Inc. Mrs. Dow is a member of the Chicago and Cook County Federation of Women. She has been unfailing in her efforts to bring about humaner methods in the slaughter of our food animals, and to interest the Federation in this subject. This organization of women numbers something like sixty thousand. Of course, to arouse the interest of such a large group of potential meat buyers is a well worth-while endeavor. Mrs. Dow's correspondence with the Institute of American Meat Packers has brought a note from a professor in Northwestern University Medical School to the effect that investigations are being made, at the expense of the Institute of American Meat Packers, to discover why the electric method of stunning by causing certain lesions in the carcass seriously affects the value of the meat.

In certain foreign countries where this electric method is used, it is claimed that far less trouble is caused than is the case here.

Cruelty to a Goldfish

A man has been fined in England for cruelty to a goldfish. The man went away for a week's holiday and forgot all about the fish. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals inspector saw the goldfish lying in the bottom of a pool of stagnant water. He forced a window, entered the house, gave the fish food and fresh water. A magistrate ordered the confiscation of the fish, and the defendant was fined, also, five shillings for cruelty to three canaries that had been left to die of starvation.

The Destruction of the Buffalo

MANY have been disturbed by the newspaper reports relative to the slaughter of large numbers of buffalo in Western Canada. The real facts are that these great creatures that used to roam in such hordes over the plains of this country were years ago threatened with extinction because of the ruthless methods by which they were hunted down. To prevent this, a certain number of them were transferred to sections where they could sufficiently increase in number to escape ultimate disappearance. Today they have so multiplied that it has become necessary, in Canada, at least, to reduce the number, as proper care can be given only to part of them. They are put to sleep by trained riflemen who know their business, and the hides and meat obtained by competitive bidding are carefully cared for and no unnecessary suffering is caused.

We are indebted to the Toronto, Canada, Humane Society for this information. The destruction of the buffalo killed is all done under Government supervision.

Alice Brady

Our Animals, the organ of the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, pays a beautiful tribute to Alice Brady, whom it speaks of as one of Hollywood's kindest hearts. She was known far and wide as a great lover of animals, and endeared herself to thousands of people all over the United States. She was opposed, the article says, to all forms of cruelty, and once chased a truck driver, who had struck a dog and failed to stop, forcing him to the curb and then making him take the animal to the hospital. Many other tales, we are told, of her kindnesses are known and often repeated. Alas, that she might not have been spared to the world for many years to come.

Coolidge's Table Manners

A breakfast guest at the White House during the Coolidge administration, was astonished to see the President pour his coffee from cup to saucer, says an Exchange. Not to be outdone, the guest followed suit. The President added cream and sugar in the saucer, and tasted the mixture with his spoon. The guest was about to do likewise when Mr. Coolidge set the saucer on the floor for the dog.

Frederic J. Haskin says that although there are now only about half as many horses and mules as there are motor vehicles in the United States, it is an interesting thought for the city dweller who seldom sees a horse that there still is a horse or mule for every two families in the country.

Put up again thy sword into his place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Matthew 26:52

The last great war—1914-1918—ten million soldiers killed, thirty million helplessly wounded and maimed.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT OF MASS. S. P. C. A.

Miles traveled by humane officers . .	16,510
Cases investigated	392
Animals examined	4,674
Animals placed in homes	162
Lost animals restored to owners . .	61
Number of prosecutions	3
Number of convictions	3
Horses taken from work	11
Horses humanely put to sleep . . .	60
Small animals humanely put to sleep .	1,174
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	52,432
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely	
put to sleep	23

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HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	799
Cases entered in Dispensary	1,979
Operations	756

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	151
Cases entered in Dispensary	557
Operations	133

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	83
-------------------------	----

Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.	
1, 1915	177,473
Dispensary Cases	445,103
Total	622,576

The Perennial Pigeons

THE problem of how to deal humanely with the pigeons or doves that in ever-increasing numbers infest the streets and parks of our cities is a most serious and disturbing one. It is undoubtedly true that in many places flocks have reached undesirable proportions, making it almost necessary to adopt measures to protect our churches, public buildings and private residences from defilement by these birds which have long lived and thrived in human companionship.

A highly interesting and valuable *Bulletin* has been prepared by the Bureau of Biological Survey which is available to anyone upon application. It treats of the origin and status of these historic birds and offers suggestions as to their control and the prevention of damage by them. The following quotations are from the *Bulletin*:

"It is evident that the urban pigeon will continue to be a close associate of man and his works for years to come. Reasons for this are not hard to find. Observe the food being offered by kind-hearted individuals on snowy winter days or by interested children on sunny mornings, and observe also that other essentials for avian existence, as shelter and places to breed, are abundant. These factors and a sympathetic or at least tolerant attitude towards the birds by a large part of the populace assure them a continuing livelihood.

"The factors that favor their existence and increase their abundance, however,

also aggravate certain problems connected with their presence under modern metropolitan conditions. Those who daily have had to contend with the litter and disturbance of large numbers of roosting or nesting pigeons—including custodians of public buildings, dwellers in apartment houses, and even private-home owners have at times been called upon in self-defense to take action to curb their numbers. Under such conditions, the pleasure and fascination of one individual may become the bane of another."

Suggestions for the control of objectionable flocks and means for the prevention of damage by them are offered as follows:

"Church towers, lofts, and belfries can be screened with rust-proof wire. Individual crannies used as nesting sites can often be blocked so as to prevent the entrance of birds. Although the cost of screening may at first seem excessive, the results are practically permanent. . . . Where many birds are involved, the city fire department may be induced to co-operate. Turning a stream of water from a fire hose on the roosts for several successive nights may lead the birds to decide that conditions are not to their liking. . . . Pigeons may be readily trapped when food is not overly abundant. Objectionable small groups of these birds can soon be removed with a little ingenuity, patience and time. For such operations a trap of the "ash-sifter" type, 4 or 5 feet square and with a frame about 6 inches deep, will suffice. Such a frame, with 1-inch poultry wire forming the "sieve," should be propped up on one edge by a stick 10 to 12 inches long to which a pulicord is attached."

Shooting, poisoning, and gassing are not recommended for the general public. Such methods should be employed only by experts and under legal sanction of police or other municipal authority.

Once More, Mr. Burgess

For the last three years, on Humane Sunday, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has presented, in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, the popular writer and lecturer, Mr. Thornton W. Burgess. Always the hall has been filled with eager audiences, composed of young and old, and not yet have they been disappointed or failed to show enthusiastic interest in the pictures and stories of animals presented by this master of animal lore. Again this year the Society has asked Mr. Burgess to give another of his delightful talks, "Friendly Folk Who Run and Fly." Of course there will be slides and movies. The date is Humane Sunday, April 14, 1940. The hour, 3:30 P.M. (Doors open at 2 P.M.) The place, the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square. Admission, free to all.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Treasurer.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1939

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	1,367
Number of addresses made,	393
Number of persons in audiences,	88,816

For Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for October — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	51.4	
Forage for same		\$ 51.45
Put to sleep	23	4.90
Transportation		2.05
Daily average dogs	7.8	
Forage for same		3.22
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.		52.51
Superintendent's salary		100.00
Veterinaries' salaries		10.28
Motor ambulance upkeep		9.01
Motor bicycles upkeep		9.91
Sundries		34.27
Actual operating expenses		\$268.60

Entries: 6 horses, 17 mules, 79 donkeys.
Exits: 7 horses, 13 mules, 64 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 223 horses, 112 mules, 150 donkeys, 3 dogs.
Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: Cases investigated, 140; animals seen, 4,122; animals treated, 1,039; animals hospitalized by us from above, 62; pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 23; Arab bits destroyed, 25; animals transported in ambulance, 1; animals sent by Police Dept., 24.

One Day's Work

THURSDAY, 26th. 8 a.m. Usual work. Engaged for a few days a gardener to clean the land and prepare ground for planting trees. 9 a.m. sent two men to inspect native Fondouks of Fes Jedid, Souk el Khemis and pack animals at Bab Mahrouk, bringing in to Hospital 8 donkeys and 2 mules, destroying 2 infected pack-saddles and 7 Arab bits. One mule and one donkey treated as outpatients. One mule hospitalized with the help of the French police on duty at Bou Jeloud. Owner sent to Pacha for fine. Bought two donkeys to put to sleep. Spent afternoon on new land with the gardener and two of our men, cleaning and gardening. Treated some outpatients (one mule badly wounded at right hind leg). Animals in Hospital, 70.

G. DELON, Superintendent

A Fine Chance to Help

Again we wish to call attention to the fact that one of our very faithful workers in Texas, the Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, who has been for many years doing a large work among the colored school children of that state, meeting many teachers and other groups of influential leaders, is wondering if there is not someone among our readers who would be glad to furnish a moving-picture apparatus for his use. There is no doubt that this would be of very great value to him. The cost of such a device would be in the neighborhood of \$250.

If any reader would like to help in this, we should be glad to receive his gift. If a sufficient amount is not raised, the money would be returned.

A Consistent (?) Hunter

Mrs. M. W. Baldwin, executive secretary of the Humane Society of Sioux City, Iowa, tells this anecdote in the local newspaper:

A hunter on his way to shoot pheasants, stopped at the shelter to leave a big maltese cat that he carried in a grain sack. When asked his reason for giving up such a fine cat, the hunter said, "Well, she's a great pet, but has the bad habit of killing birds, so we don't care to keep her."

The cat was placed in a cage, and of course could make no comment, but a visitor murmured, "O, consistency, thou art a jewel."

...

Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allowed his
way,
Self-mettle tires him.

SHAKESPEARE

Animals in War-Time England

CHRIS SEWELL

ONE of the most heartbreaking by-products of war is its effect upon the lesser creation—more especially upon domestic pets whose lines have been cast in pleasant places, and to whom even a battering wind or heavy thunder is sheer terror.

Early in September, when big air raids over London seemed imminent, about 10,000 of these unfortunates were put to sleep, because their devoted owners feared for them torture or death.

Time has proved this to have been too precipitate a move; though one can understand the agony of devotion which prompted it.

It will interest and cheer all readers of this magazine to know that order and method have succeeded the first bewilderment, and that infinite thought has been taken to ensure the minimum of pain for such as cannot take thought for themselves.

The anguish of gassing has been foreseen, and, just as in the case of men and women, to a great measure guarded against.

Special kennels are spoken of in which dogs may be put when a "warning" is sounded. They are automatically ventilated by a wheel which the animal must turn when it moves.

In some cases (one presumes only when docile dogs are in question) a kind of gas mask can be worn.

Numerous booklets and pamphlets on the prevention of fire have been issued to British householders, in which the right treatment of the badly-wounded and so on is given.

It is perhaps a typically English gesture that the sub-humans have their own special booklet entitled "Air-Raid Precaution for Animals."

Nor has the evacuation scheme been left for children and invalids alone: the Duchess of Hamilton (well known for her splendid championship of bird and beast) has organized a scheme whereby household pets, if their owners so wish, may be sent from big towns into safety areas, and looked after by kindly folk willing to give them hospitality.

And last, but perhaps most surprising, is this paragraph which appeared recently in a daily paper (I cannot vouch for its accuracy but it is worth recording): "Evacuated animals will be registered from their billet. *Mongrels and pedigreed animals will be treated alike.* All will be treated and registered from the address they slept at the night before; officers collect their forms. Each animal will be issued with a numbered identity disk which it must wear."

Imagine the enormity of the task.

Furthermore the National Canine Defence League is asking people to offer refuge in their private air-raid shelters to evacuated animals and their owners, who may be in the streets when the sirens sound.

...

Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.

A Defense of the Skunk

From a Letter in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*

At last the once-despised skunk is coming into his own. Farm journals and secular magazines alike carry articles praising him as the Great American Insect Eater, destroyer of harmful insects nine months in the year, and of small rodents the other three.

He is the only creature who can smell a grub down in the ground, and dig it up before it can change and come up to breed and multiply maybe 1000-fold. Though birds are highly valuable insect eaters, they catch these only after they are up and have possibly already laid their eggs.

The skunk is the chief enemy of the army worm, that pest that lays bare whole fields of small grains, corn and grasses.

In an eight-acre field recently examined by biologists in Manitoba, Canada, skunks were found to be destroying 14,200 white grubs to the acre. As every farmer knows, the white grub lives as long as three years underground, voraciously devouring the roots of grasses, grains, legumes, strawberries and the tubers of potatoes. It will leave large patches of pasture bare.

To the skunk the tobacco worm is a delicious morsel. He is the only creature that will eat it except the turkey, which is not often available. In the late spring and early summer he catches the tobacco worm moth when it comes up to lay its eggs; when the worms appear upon the leaves he and his wife and family (for he has a fine family by then) march up and down the rows picking the worms off the leaves just as high up as their arms can reach. And after the worm goes down in the ground they continue to dig it, in its pupae stage, until a hard freeze comes.

The hop-growers of New York State found out as far back as in the nineties the value of the skunk against the hop-worm, and had it protected by law. It also eats large numbers of cutworms and other harmful grubs, and catches quantities of locusts, grasshoppers, caterpillars, May beetles, June bugs, crickets, sphynx moths, and, last but not least, the potato bug, hated by other creatures.

The skunk is not and never was a polecat. The early settlers had never seen anything like him, but had smelled something like him, and for this sole reason named him for the European polecat or fitchet-weasel, a vicious little beast that lives upon poultry and birds. But the skunk's natural food is not poultry and birds. He is too heavy and clumsy to climb to a roost or tree, and must get all his food from the ground. When found in a henhouse, say the biologists, he is there to finish up the kill of some other animal, usually a rat, having smelled the fresh blood and come in.

In rare instances, after such a taste of chicken meat, he becomes demoralized and will thereafter chase chickens in broad daylight, in which case he should be shot. But this happens to probably not more than one skunk in 50. In a recent examination of 1,700 skunk stomachs and viscera at the University of Michigan, during a period of two years, it was found that the combined yearly ration of all these skunks contained

but 2 per cent of birds and poultry, and in all the lot there was not a trace of a game bird's egg.

Under the barn in winter a pair of skunks will keep the premises clear of rats and mice, and will never throw their scent unless attacked by dogs or other foes. The skunk is the gentlest and friendliest of wild creatures, and loves the neighborhood of men.

Is it sensible or just to permit the skunks on your land to be cruelly taken and tortured in the steel trap when they are serving you as no other living creature is, and when their pelts will bring only 40 to 50 cents, whereas, living, they are worth at least ten times that much to you?

Kentucky farmers should not only forbid all trapping of skunks on their land, they should do as the hop-growers of New York did—have the skunk taken from the fur list, and put on the farm protective list, along with the birds.

A Beautiful Summer Bird

WILLIS MEHANNA

DOUBT if there is a bird in any clime that is more beautiful than the scarlet tanager. He comes north sometime in May and nests pretty much over the eastern half of the United States and on into eastern Canada. He does not care for human company for he makes his summer home in the deep recesses of the forest and builds his nest on the horizontal branch of some sturdy oak tree. The nest is a frail-looking structure but it stays. The eggs are four or five in number, dark blue, spotted with purple. The mother tanager shows great devotion to her young and carefully guards them. Even the male helps in their care, often catching insects and feeding them to the little ones.

In creating the scarlet tanager Nature recognized the harmony of colors as well as popular styles, for the male is a glowing red with black wings and tail. The female is less conspicuous, having clear olive green above, greenish yellow below, with both wings and tail dusky, glossed with green. The tanagers feed on the insects found in the forests where they roam.

On account of the great range of his habitat and people's awakened sense of the beautiful, the scarlet tanager should continue to be with us.

Mr. C. Russell Mason, for the last three years president of the Florida Audubon Society, has been elected secretary-treasurer of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, to succeed Mr. Carl W. Buchheister. Mr. Buchheister has become assistant executive director of the National Association of Audubon Societies in New York City.



*I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.*

WALT WHITMAN

The End of the Hunt

ALOYSIUS COLL

*When first I saw you bending down a
spangled laurel plume
My silk was in the ruffle and a trout had
struck the hook;
But all my wit turned wonder at your face
above the bloom—
The trout, a leaping rainbow, flashed to
freedom in the brook!*

*Your hair the tinted rainbow of my quarry
in the water,
Your eyes the eyes I saw when once a
silver-throated deer
Had turned her eyes upon me where I
wounded her and caught her,
And slew her in the sweetness of her
melting gaze of fear.*

*So, reeling in the feathered barb, I hid it
in my dream!
I loosed the catch of graylings from the
willow in their gills;
And, begging absolution of your shadow on
the stream,
Took up my gun and tackle and went
home across the hills.*

*O still I hear the whirr of wings, the
drumming of the pheasant;
And still the thicket rustles with the
silver-throated deer;
And April waters leaping to a fancy that
is pleasant
Keep calling to the hunger of my hand
and eye and ear;*

*But though I whip the waters by the laurel
where you stood,
No more I strike the hackle home to barb
the bleeding gill;
And though my booming powders flush the
pheasant and her brood,
Your hand is on the trigger—and I
cannot shoot to kill!*

Man and Dog

HARRY ELMORE HURD

*The world in which my hound-dog lives
Is hardly wider than my hand:
A gentle word, a gesture, gives
Him passport to the rabbitland
That lies beyond the pasture wall.*

*It is a fearful fact to be
A despot at whose beck and call
A will must turn, obediently,
As though the speaker were all-wise.*

*My heart is humbled by the sight
Of worship in my greyhound's eyes;
He finds life's reason and delight
In comradeship and warmth and meat
And then to stretch upon the floor
In troubled slumber at my feet.*

*It is an awesome thing to be,
To him, so like a deity.*

Picture Pets

MARIE WAGNER

THERE is one thing that no one has ever done," murmured the blond young man jokingly, "and that is to draw two things at once!"

The little group around the hearth stirred, for so far the conversation had been a serious discussion of art. Then, from the corner, came a cheerful voice.

"Oh, I can do that!"

"You, Landseer?" The blond man looked half amazed, half amused. "Oh, come now! You are an artist, not a trickster!"

"Lend me two pencils and I will show you," Landseer insisted.

The assembly closed around the young artist curiously as he placed the large sheet of paper on the table before him. They watched eagerly as he took up the two pencils, one in each hand. And presently, their expressions of doubt changed to delight and surprise.

Before their eyes, a deer's profile, antlers included, crept into view on the left side of the page. Simultaneously, appeared the head of a horse done by the other hand on the right side of the page. There was no uncertainty in the artist's movements. With perfect confidence, the pencil outlined the forms, shaded them. Soon they were completed. More remarkable—the drawing made by the left hand was fully as finished, as masterly, as that made by the right!

A little parlor game, perhaps, of no consequence. Yet how many artists could have performed it? It was an example of Edwin Landseer's control of his pencil, his extraordinary knowledge of his art. He was an animal lover, so he drew animals. But he knew his subject so well that he could draw two at once!

But painting with two hands was not Landseer's only ability. He worked also with extreme rapidity, a strange thing, since his animal characters were always arrestingly portrayed. Once he did a group of rabbits in only forty-five minutes!

He loved animals, and wanted to put them on canvas so that all the world might love them. Therefore, he studied his models—not only in the fields, but in the lab-

oratory. He learned their anatomy. He watched their reactions. He credited them with intelligence and affection almost human. As a result, we have such pictures as "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner."

This picture is simplicity itself—yet what simplicity! The Highland Shepherd is dead, and in his cold, rustic room, his dog keeps guard over his coffin. There have been few such touching and beautiful paintings of dogs. Here is one to move the heart of all true dog-lovers. Such silent tragedy, such rigid woe, too deep for tears! The spirit of the dog seems dead with his master. For Landseer sympathizes with his animals, and makes us through the skill of his brush, sympathize also.

More famous is Landseer for his pictures of deer. Into such paintings as "The Sanctuary" and "The Challenge" have crept his deep understanding of this free, wild animal, timid yet haughty, at its best in solitary majestic surroundings. In these two pictures there are mountain ranges in the background, aloof and strong. In the foreground are the deer, timid and somehow fragile. Yet the mighty mountains are not more aloof or proud than the delicate animals.

Landseer began his training when he was barely five. He took long walks in the open fields with his father, when he was still so small that he could not climb the stiles over the fences, but had to be lifted over them. Yet even at this early age, he sketched the dogs, horses, cows, sheep that he saw, and his father corrected his mistakes. At thirteen he had painted a St. Bernard dog so masterly that one writer called it "one of the finest drawings of a dog that has ever been produced!"

Landseer's animals were so realistically done that they were used widely as illustrations for children's books. His name became a common English household word. He opened the field of animal painting to the English world, and set a high standard of work, based on actual experience.

As a result, there have been few painters so popular or well-loved. He put his pets on canvas, and they are now the picture pets of the world.

The most loyal thing in the world is your dog. Whether you come home from Congress or from jail, whether you have lost your fortune or made a million, whether you return dressed in fashion's height or in rags, whether you have been hailed hero or condemned as criminal, your dog is waiting for you with a welcoming bark of delight, a wagging tail and a heart that knows no guile.

WILL JUDY



A FEARLESS BUT TRACTABLE BOXER

A Canine Friendship

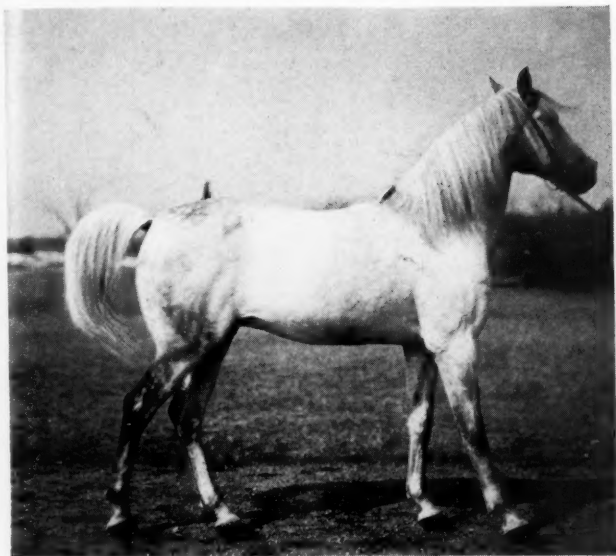
PETER BOGGS in Quincy Patriot Ledger

A FEW years ago, "Fluffy," a Pomeranian owned by Alfred Briggs of New Salem, Mass., disappeared. The dog had wandered away from home before but always he had returned within a few hours. When two days had passed without Fluffy, Mr. Briggs decided that the dog had been stolen. Two weeks later, three boys, who lived in a near-by farmhouse, were surprised at the actions of a neighbor's hound dog who persistently barked at them each day as they returned from school.

The dog knew the children well and had played with them since puppyhood. One afternoon the boys noticed that the hound not only was barking at them, but seemed to be trying to lead them into the woods.

Leaving their schoolbooks on the road, the youngsters followed the hound. After walking for almost a mile, the boys came upon a sad sight. There in the deep woods was Fluffy, the lost Pomeranian, with one foot caught in a steel trap. The boys released the dog and carried him to the Briggs' home. The dog was in a pitiful condition, unable to stand, but under expert care he recovered, though his leg had to be amputated.

How did the dog live for two weeks in that trap? Slowly certain events of the past two weeks were clarified to those interested in the case. It was remembered that the hound dog had been seen, on numerous occasions, going into the woods with good-sized bones in his mouth. At the time, the conclusion was that he was burying them for future use. But they were found, with other particles of food, around the trap where Fluffy had been imprisoned. The hound had discovered Fluffy's plight and had each day brought it something to eat and finally had succeeded in bringing human aid.



A horse misused upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood.

WILLIAM BLAKE

The Passing of the Old

A True Story

C. E. SECOR

IT was a sunny morning in early fall. I had hurried through the chores and had just returned from putting the cows into pasture. My father and I stood in front of the barn waiting expectantly. Today was the day.

Finally over the hill and past the big white church came a truck, chugging and pulling until it stopped at our road gate. There on its platform stood the green machine that my heart had coveted for many months. With a sudden roar its motor started, and it was backed down the inclined planks from the truck to the ground. At last we had a tractor.

How proud I was! Now I would be envied by every farmer's son in the neighborhood! How I would laugh and chaff whenever I saw them walking behind their father's old-fashioned horse-drawn tools.

Slowly I walked around it, marveling at every little detail and asking the salesman innumerable questions (which, I fear, were childish and rather absurd) about its care, the power it had, and many other things I thought would be helpful to know when I was driving it all day in the field.

Suddenly I realized I was alone at the new machine. Where had my father and the tractor salesman gone? Then I saw them coming from the barn, leading the old black horses. Relief rose and flooded over me. I would never have to walk slowly behind them through hot summer days again.

But as they were loaded into the truck I felt a curious lump come into my throat. Fight against it as I would, it kept coming back, until finally I realized I wasn't glad to see our old servants go after all. "Babe" and "Trix"! How many times we had crossed the dusty fields together! How they had worked for me! Never complain-

ing, they had given their best in all kinds of weather, and whenever we had asked for their assistance.

That green machine sitting there by the barn—it would never nuzzle its nose into your hand and beg so quietly or so touchingly for that apple you were eating. Nor when the day's work was through, would it whinny for its oats, and stand in grateful quietness as you curried its sweaty body and brushed its hair until it shone.

As the truck struggled out of the yard, back past the church and over the hill the way it had come, old Babe, looking longingly back towards her home, whinnied once more, then passed forever from my sight. I turned and walked swiftly away, throwing one hateful glance at the tractor, bright and shiny in its coat of paint, to be alone and grieve over the passing of the two most understanding friends I had ever known.

Soldier Horse

BLANCHE FEWSTER

ONE of the two only known war horse veterans to survive the last war is "Jeanne d'Arc." She served with the A. E. F. The other veteran is "Kidron," age 30, a thoroughbred race horse ridden by General Pershing.

Jeanne d'Arc is a coal-black mare with streaks of gray now appearing on her nose and temples. She was born in French Morocco of Anglo-Arab breed and taken to the war by the Colonial troops.

She was one of about 25 horses that were sent to this country at the close of the world war. The army sold most of its animals in France. Jeanne d'Arc is the property of Lt. Col. John Dilworth von Holtzendorff and is stationed in New York until spring.

This soldier horse's stall is decorated with a plaque that has six combat stars, a wound chevron, three overseas service bars, an Indian head on a white star, the insignia of the 2nd Division of the A. E. F., and a fleur-de-lis for the French army.

The old mare is mild-tempered and gets about remarkably well for her age. She shows a slight stiffness in the forelegs in the morning, but works it out easily. She is round and well-fleshed; eats twelve pounds of hay and six quarts of oats per day.

Jeanne d'Arc is now thirty. A horse aged thirty is equivalent to a human aged 100, so three cheers for this grand old-lady soldier horse.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

"Jake" and "Jerry"

STILLMAN J. ELWELL

*It isn't their lot to thunder down
The track, as the judge cries, "Go,"
To hear the cheers of the mighty throng
In the stands that overflow.*

*It isn't their lot to take a part
In the cavalry's fearsome dash,
To hear the roar of the heavy guns
Or see their lurid flash.*

*It isn't their lot to gallop off
O'er the far-flung western plain,
Nor to push pell-mell through city streets
At the head of the fire train.*

*But it is their lot to plow my fields,
To turn the furrows deep,
To sow my grain at the call of spring,
At harvest time to reap.*

*Yes, horses have charged at the battle front,
Have galloped o'er the plain,
Have hurried to answer the fire call,
Have felt the jockey's rein.*

*But ne'er were horses prouder,
Though they carried plume and crest,
And none were e'er more willing
To do their very best!*

Just a Mule

L. H. HOUCK

Just a mule.

Yet he is the partner of Man.

All his days he has labored under the hot sun. He has made the cotton grow in the deep South. He has turned the cane-mill as it crushed the nectar from the juicy stalks.

Just a mule—the partner of man.

The Man got the juice—the Man got the cotton—the Mule got the work, and the pleasure of laboring for his partner—Man.

Time passed on as time will and the Mule grew older and older. No longer young, as his days lengthened, his ribs showed plainer and his gait became slower.

The Mule was afraid his partnership with Man would be dissolved. The labors of the Mule had made the Man fat and the Mule thin.

As the Mule pondered on his unhappy lot, he suddenly remembered. Man was made in the image of God—God wouldn't let an old mule starve.

Let's not let the old mule down—let's feed him. Let's surprise him with a lump of sugar and a rub on his soft nose. But don't let him down—he thinks we're swell.

Give every other animal a chance and a reason to love his human friends—who were made in the image of God, and remember God said something about "Even as ye have done unto the least of these..."

Congratulations to the Wisconsin Humane Society for laying the cornerstone of a new memorial animal shelter at Milwaukee on November 24, last. The building will cost \$40,000. The society was organized in 1879. Since the first shelter was built in 1926, more than 200,000 animals have been cared for.

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

1,737 New Bands of Mercy in November

One thousand, seven hundred and thirty-seven new Bands of Mercy were formed during November. Of these, 514 were in Illinois, 256 in Texas, 238 in Massachusetts, 204 in Pennsylvania, 143 in Rhode Island, 127 in Maine, 104 in Georgia, 64 in Florida, 46 in South Carolina, and 41 in Virginia.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 245,631.

Be Kind

SUSIE WOOD

"I will be kind to every living Creature."

This is the pledge we strive to keep each day.

No other thing will banish wrong and sadness

Than simple kindness all along life's way.

Be kind, dear child, in thought, in word, in action;

At home, in school, at play, you'll always find

No other thing will bring more joy and gladness.

To this old world than simply being kind.

Be kind to animals, be kind to people;

Be kind to birds and every living thing.

Be kind, dear child; whatever else is needed,

This, you will find, the greatest good will bring.

Catford's Clever Cat

Even cats, it seems, are becoming "modern," says the English *Tit-Bits*.

No longer do they sit outside the window and meow, when they want to be admitted. They knock at the door!

At least, that is the example being set by "Tiger," who lives at Catford, England. A dark tabby, Tiger holds decided views on cat treatment. When he wants to be admitted to the house he rests his hind legs on the handle of the letter box, stretches himself out, puts his front paw beneath the heavy iron knocker, and after hanging on for a moment, jumps away, allowing the knocker to fall back with a resounding bang.

If the door is not opened promptly, he repeats the performance. He has also found that he can open the inside door by gently turning the handle with both paws.

There is some talk of giving Tiger a latch-key!



"TIGER-BOY" AND "BRIGHT-EYES"

"Spot"

The True Story of a Cat

A. W. BIVANS

NEVER shall forget that cold, rainy morning in March, many years ago, for it was the beginning of a companionship that lasted for more than thirteen years. A bedraggled, spotted kitten peeked timidly from beneath the hog-shed and when our eyes met it was a case of love at first sight.

We named her "Spot," a name well chosen for she soon laid claim to several spots—on the rug beside the wood stove, close to the stool when I milked, and beside me when I drove to the field for fodder on Saturdays. She knew as well as I when that old bob-sled appeared, that fodder was to be hauled and that under those shocks of fodder were field mice, for above all other activities she loved to catch them. As fast as they were caught she would lay them in a pile, and when we were ready to depart for home she saw to it that the entire morning's catch was exhibited to the family.

Spot had many unusual and interesting traits, marking her as much of an individualist as any human I ever knew. When displeased she would carry her tail erect and give it several decisive and impressive jerks. One day, upon being gently pushed from the house at the end of a broom in the hands of my mother, she gave the usual sign of disgust and disappeared for more than a week, when we learned that she had taken up her abode with a neighbor several doors away until her pout should subside. This became a regular procedure thereafter on occasions of injured feelings.

When my mother would call her she knew that some special service was expected of her, most likely that mice had been discovered in the house and without any hesitation she would immediately begin a search under tables, desks, beds, etc., and seldom did she fail to earn her reward of special attention lasting for several days, for she was a valuable and dependable assistant at such times and she was well aware of the fact and capitalized upon it.

Motherhood to her was a very serious matter. She was lavish in her bestowal of affection and vicious in her defense against attacks by males of murderous dispositions. The size of her opponent meant little to her and she generally came off victorious.

A striking peculiarity in regard to food was her fondness for unground coffee and fresh yeast cakes. The sound of that old coffee mill in action was sure to bring her into view should she be within hearing distance.

For more than thirteen years she was an important part of the family circle, sharing in our joys and troubles with a proper show of understanding. When we children had measles she had measles also, which affected her eyesight and no doubt cut short many of her activities and brought her useful career to a close before its normal time. When the end came she was laid to rest in a private cat cemetery with all the solemnities due to one of her standing.

A Mother Cat's Heroism

This is a true story of the love and devotion, and also of the amazing presence of mind, of a mother cat. The incident took place in the city of Fredericton, New Brunswick. Pussy was moving her family of kittens across the street, and as the kittens were partly grown, they were quite heavy for her to carry. Half way across the street, she dropped one, just as an automobile was approaching. There was no time to pick up the baby and go on with it, neither would she leave it to its fate, so she quickly lay down in the street herself, covering the kitten with her body, to protect it. The driver of the car passed her by not much more than a hand's breadth, whereupon Mother Puss arose, picked up her baby and went on her way. Of course, if the kitten had been left there alone, the driver might easily have gone over it without ever seeing it at all, but the body of the cat in the street was quite noticeable, and he went past it without touching the courageous little creature.

ETHEL CROSSLEY

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Sparrows in Winter

CLARA RADER

*Little friends that flock together,
Dauntless in the winter weather,
You remain to cheer my heart
When other feathered friends depart,
Brightening up the gloomy days
With your energetic ways,
Taking things as they may come,
Thankful for the smallest crumb.*

*Always busy, never weary,
Through the months so cold and dreary.
Nestling nights in housetop eaves
Or perched on branches bare of leaves.
Little friends, you never preach
But by your actions daily teach,
"Take things calmly as they come,
Be thankful for the smallest crumb."*

The Give-away Bill

BERNICE OGDEN

BIRDS can tell you many things although they cannot speak a word! Some can tell you where they live. Others may inform you what kinds of food they like and where they find it. If you wish to understand what they say, you have to learn to read their bills.

An unusually long bill often means that the bird lives near the water and probes the mud or sand for its food, as does the snipe or the heron. If the beak is very short and stout, the bird is probably a seed-eater, such as a sparrow. If it is wide and flattened, it makes a good insect trap such as that of the flycatcher.

But what if the beak is large and strong with a hook on the end? That is the sure sign of the villain among birds. It shows that he is a bird of prey. He may live upon mice or fish or even smaller birds. However, we must not be too harsh with him as that is his nature and he does destroy animals that do us harm.

Birds' beaks are considered so important that a bird is often named after his bill. For example, the crossbill has his upper and lower bills crossed. Thus he has a pair of pliers which he can use in opening cones for the seeds he likes. The spoonbill has a long beak shaped like a spoon at the end. It is used for scooping food from the mud. And the shoebill is an odd-looking creature indeed! Although he lives in Egypt on the Nile River, you might think he had sent to Holland for a wooden shoe. He uses his shoe-shaped bill to scoop up a large quantity of water. The water drains out at the sides leaving small fish, insects, or other water animals.

By looking at the pictures in a bird book, you can find many other types of bills. Can you read their secrets?

*Good-bye to the Old Year! as it bows to the New,
A subject so loyal, so brave and so true,
Remember its pleasures, forget all its pain,
For Joys, the sole monarch hereafter shall reign.*

JAMES M. ADAMS



Mary's Little Lamb

SHOWN in the picture, which I myself took and know to be authentic, is a little girl, actually named Mary, with a little lamb, "Betty," that actually follows Mary to school at Robinson, a small community in Kansas. Here Mary is sprinting up the steps with Betty in close pursuit. Naturally, the lamb isn't allowed in school, except for special occasions.

The girl is Mary Kern, 13, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jess Kern, of Robinson, and the lamb was given Mary by friends in the country. Betty also accompanies Mary downtown to the post office, the grocery stores, and other places. Everyone in Robinson is kind to Betty and the lamb is unafraid. Last summer Mary and her lamb made a trip to New York to appear on a radio program.

VIRG HILL

Annual Poster Contest

AN entirely new medal has been manufactured especially for the awards in the annual school poster contest of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., which will close on March 23, 1940.

Medals with blue ribbons are offered as first prizes; those with red ribbons, as second prizes; and annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* for honorable mentions. The liberal distribution of prizes in all the competing schools is shown by the fact that last season, when 6,993 posters were entered by pupils representing 500 schools in 159 different cities and towns, there were 1,021 first awards, 1,178 second; and 1,429 honorable mentions.

1. The contest is open to pupils in grammar grades above the third and in junior high and high schools both public and parochial—in Massachusetts only, and closes positively on March 23, 1940, results to be announced during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 15-20. Many of the best of the posters will be on exhibition in the Young People's Room of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square.

2. No more than five posters may be submitted from any one room, and one only from each pupil, teachers to make the selection. Schools and, so far as possible, grades, are judged independently of each other.

3. Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, etc.), silhouette, water-colors or charcoal may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness.

4. DRAWINGS, ON LIGHT CARDBOARD OR HEAVY PAPER, MAY BE NOT LESS THAN 12 x 18 INCHES, NOR MORE THAN 18 x 24 INCHES and should be SHIPPED FLAT (*never rolled*), all charges prepaid, to reach the MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. not later than March 23, 1940.

5. In the upper right-hand corner, on the back of each poster, must be written legibly the contestant's name, WITH FULL HOME ADDRESS, also number of the grade, name and address of the school, and name of the teacher. Use white ink or paste a white slip with names and addresses when dark cardboard or paper is used.

6. All posters receiving awards become the property of the Society. Other posters will be returned *only* if request is made at time of sending and *return postage* enclosed, or arrangements made to call.

7. Address all posters plainly, Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, Harriet R. Greenland.

Here is a volume just filled with verse on animal subjects, some of which appeared originally in *Our Dumb Animals*, all written for juvenile readers. It is in three parts: verse for older children, verse for younger children, and verse on wild animal life. At the end of Part I is a compilation of "Attributes of Worth," followed by "Humaneness," a play in verse for children. It is all intended to teach children the lesson of kindness to animals. In the Introduction the author says: "It is essential to learn this lesson of consideration and sympathy toward those who repay us by gratitude, affection and worthy service. To realize the mental and physical suffering of oppressed creatures, awakens in our minds a broader understanding, and a kinder attitude toward humanity."

This book will be especially helpful to teachers in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week celebrations.

186 pp. \$1.50. Christopher Publishing House, Boston.

ON EASY STREET, Daniel Maurice Robins.

This collection of verse, called on the jacket "Poems of Hope and Happiness," contains many delightful selections, several of which relate to birds. One of the most pleasing is the title poem, with its surprise ending that it is a bird who lives "On Easy Street." Other selections refer to curlews, Robin Redbreast (state bird of Michigan), young robins, and the tern. Besides there are poems of Christmas, of church bells in the country, and of many phases of nature. There are a number of full-page illustrations by Lottie B. Turner.

117 pp. \$2.00 Christopher Publishing House, Boston.

LIFE OF FRANCIS OF ASSISI IN SILHOUETTES, Sister Fides Shepperson, Ph.D.

Sister Shepperson, whose "Cloister Chords" have often appeared in *Our Dumb Animals*, tells the story of St. Francis from boyhood to death in easy flowing style. It seems, almost, as though she had been able to project her mind into the serene sureness enjoyed by St. Francis during his life, yet she delineates with sure strokes the struggles of the saint in the transformation from mere human frailty to that holy personality which the world honors.

To all animal lovers, of course, St. Francis is an object of veneration. You will like him no less as a man among men when you read this book.

64 pp., paper covers. 50 cents. American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y.

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